



The LEATHERNECK



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WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 10, 1925

Five Cents



GROUP OF PEACE LOVING NATIVES OF THE WEST INDIES BEFORE THE MARINES LANDED

THE MARINE CORPS AS I KNOW IT

The following article was delivered by Admiral Hugh Rodman, U. S. Navy, over the radio at New York on November 10, 1924, the 149th birthday of the Marine Corps

The first American Marines to shove their heads above the historic horizon were those who served on board our ships in early colonial days, for the colonies did have ships of their own. Colonial American Marines also embarked on foreign service as, for instance, in Vernon's Expedition against Carthage in 1746. During the Revolution, State Marines appeared as early as May, 1775, but it was not until November 10th of that year that Congress resolved to create a Corps of Continental or regular Marines. From this time on through all of our wars, the Marines have never failed to render a commendable account of themselves as a fighting unit.

After an intimate acquaintanceship of about 50 years with the Marines, I have nothing but the highest praise for them, and can state without the slightest exaggeration that no finer, more efficient, or more thoroughly organized or dependable body of military men can be found on the face of the globe.

In this half century I have seen them grow from a very small and none too efficient organization to what they are today, namely, an exceptionally capable and dependable Corps, always ready to strike, and strike hard, when occasion demands it.

Every American should not only take a deep interest in the Marines but feel a just pride in their past achievements and a confidence that when called upon in future, you may depend upon them to carry out their orders and accomplish their mission. Although they may be "an engine of war," they are equally efficient as an instrument of peace; "hence one of their pet sayings is "Statesmen make war and the Marines make peace."

And there is one thing I want to emphasize and that is this: that the Marine Corps typifies Americanism and is working for the general upbuilding of the entire Navy, of which it is an integral and most useful part, and wherein there is the strongest coordination of effort.

From the days back in 1798 when he wore a leather collar on his blouse he has been called a *Leatherneck* and that epithet he likes best. He has also been called "The Gyrene," the "Web-foot Soldier," the "Soldier of the Sea," and a lot of other things. During the World War the Germans fastened upon him the title of *Teufel Hunden* or Devil Dogs. All this may be interesting—but let me tell you just what the Marines are.

They are the First Aid party of our country that arrives first at any spot on this round globe where a citizen of the United States, or our interests are threatened or need help. The Navy carries him there and cooperates with the *Leatherneck*, who forms the trained nucleus of landing parties of Marines and blue-jackets, when sent together, but often constitutes the whole force. If First Aid measures are all that is required, the Marines, backed up by the Naval vessels or vessels that transported

them, applies it and finishes up the job. But if the situation developed to such large proportions as it did in Cuba in 1906 and Vera Cruz in 1914, the Marines, cooperating with the Navy, get the situation in hand, and hold it until the Army arrives on the scene. In these situations, where the Army does participate, the Marines join it and become part of it.

They are the right arm of the State Department, performing that part of its duty that calls for the protection of American lives and property in all parts of the world. Sometimes because of this character of service the Marines have been called "Presidential Troops." It is a big job to get a body of troops prepared for an expedition and then get them off on the way to their destination promptly. It would amaze you if you knew just how fast the Marines do get away—for they are always ready. An example will be given later.

I believe that the Marines should add to their already famous motto of "Semper Fidelis" or always faithful, another one—"Semper Paratis" or always ready, because it does not make any difference what they are called upon to do, they are prepared to "shove off," as we call the act of leaving the ship for the shore. No noise, no bustle, no inquiries as to how to do the job, off they go and bye and bye back they come with the job finished as though it were a routine matter.

They were the first Americans to advance in relief of the foreigners in Tientsin and Peking, China, in 1900; were first to land in Cuba in 1906; in Nicaragua in 1912, and their landing and operating at Vera Cruz, Mexico, in 1914, was of such high order that it leaves nothing to be said.

Owing to the chaotic conditions of affairs in the West India Republic of Santo Domingo and Haiti, and the utter disregard of American and other foreign interests and rights, it became necessary for us to interfere and send armed forces not only to protect our interests, but to preserve law and order, and establish staple governments. On July 28, 1915, we landed a force of Marines and Blue Jackets at Port au Prince, Haiti; it was too small and required reinforcements. An order from the Secretary of the Navy reached the Commandant of the Marine Corps to send all available Marines to Haiti immediately. So promptly and efficiently was the order executed that it brought forth the following commendation:

"The Department is gratified to note the promptness of the execution of its order directing that a regiment of 500 Marines embark on board the U. S. S. *Connecticut* for duty at Port au Prince. The Department appreciates the excellent management and team work that made it possible for a force of this size to get away fully equipped in less than 24 hours from the time the orders were issued."

From that day to this the Marines have been continuously employed in one

or both of these Republics, and owing largely to their instrumentality and efficient handling of the multitudinous situations which have arisen during these nine years, law and order now prevail, the two countries have been rescued from their chaotic condition, and self-government established in Santo Domingo.

Brigadier-General John A. Russell, of the Marines, is today the High Commissioner to Haiti, and as such the representative of the President of the United States; he is doing wonderful work in putting the Haitian Government on a self-governing basis.

In the year 1912 Marines were coming home from a foreign cruise in China, where they had guarded American interests when the Manchu Dynasty fell, when on short notice they were side-tracked and sent down to Nicaragua to restore law and order. It was another first aid job, but the Marines, strongly backed up by the Navy, needed no help, but finished the job to a nicety. Many of these same Marines were then dispatched to Vera Cruz in 1914; from there in the same year some went to Santo Domingo; then to Haiti the following year, and from there to Santo Domingo again in 1916. Many of them then went on to the Great Adventure in France in 1917, where they did their full share to make the bells of victory be heard around the world.

Apparently it doesn't seem to matter to the Marines how big or how little a job may be, or where situated; they simply go to it, clean it up, and say "next."

Sometimes the Marines, as the saying is, "have landed and have the situation well in hand" before we even hear of the rumblings and grumbings of disorders here at home. I remember once when there were disorders in Vladivostok, they had landed and cleaned up the job and returned on board ship two days before the news of any disturbance had been published in the press at home.

The Marines have a little ribbon of Gold and Scarlet, their own colors, of which they are justly proud. Each Marine carries on that modest ribbon a silver numeral which represents the number of times he has landed in a foreign country to protect the interests of Uncle Sam. Since there are no Marines living who participated in any such landings prior to 1874, the General Order that authorizes this "Gold and Scarlet" ribbon does not go back of that year. Now if a Marine had participated on every occasion when the Marines landed for this purpose since 1874, he would wear the number 36 on his ribbon. Think of it—thirty-six times have the Marines landed since 1874 in a foreign country to protect our interests! And this number does not include the operations for which regular campaign badges have been awarded, such as the Spanish War, the Philippine Insurrection, the Chinese Boxer War, Army of Cuban Pacification, Nicaraguan War of

(Continued on page 10)

Aviation School Experiences During the World War

Major H. H. Arnold

Reprinted through courtesy of U. S. Air Service

(Continued from last issue)

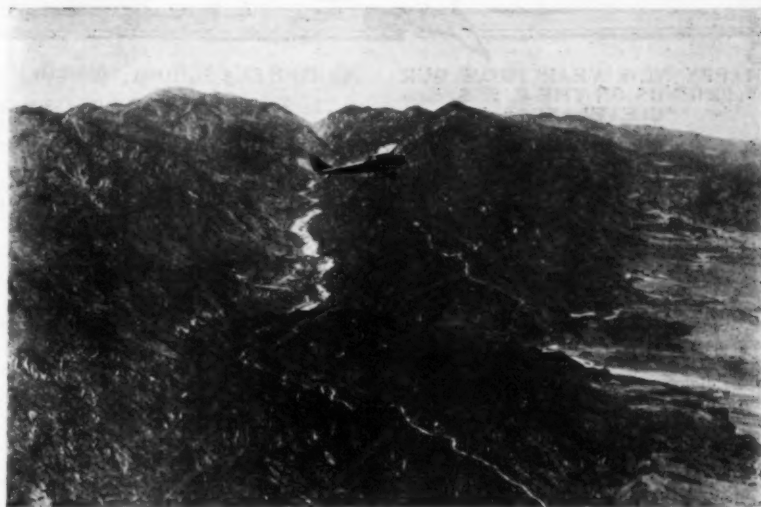
The following day, when he had finished Kidder's instructions in stunting, he told Kidder to go up alone and practice loops and immelmans. Kidder started out beautifully, and for a few minutes flew with the confidence and finish of a veteran pilot. Goldie was watching him carefully and saw him start a loop, but instead of the plane coming out on an even keel it continued on its back. Goldie at once thought that Kidder had become over-confident and was trying that extremely difficult stunt of flying upside down. It was a stunt that troubled even the most experienced pilots.

However, while Goldie was watching, he saw that he was mistaken, for Kidder's safety belt had apparently come loose and Kidder fell from his seat. It really looked bad, but much to Goldie's surprise, he saw that Kidder still clung to the stick and was hanging there with his feet dangling in the air. There was the plane on its back and entirely out of control and Kidder hanging from the stick with no chance at all to regain control. While Goldie was watching the plane in horror and trying to figure out just what the end would be, the plane continued to glide toward the earth on its back, all the while maintaining a natural gliding angle. The plane continued in the glide from about one thousand feet to about three hundred feet and then was about to disappear behind the hangars.

Goldie ran through between the hangars to see the result of the glide, fearing the worst. He came out on the other side just too late to see the crash. He was sure that Kidder was badly hurt and might possibly be killed. Goldie raced toward the wreck, but before he had reached the spot he saw Kidder get up from the ground and walk toward the wrecked plane. Goldie could not believe his eyes, but there he was and he was surely enough walking around the remains of the plane. Arriving at the wreck all out of breath Goldie tried to ask, all at the same time, whether Kidder was hurt and how he had been able to get out of the crash without serious injury. Making a good guess as to what Goldie wanted to know, Kidder told him that it was a fortunate thing for him that he had dropped from the plane when it was about fifteen feet from the ground for he did not have anything worse than a bruised knee, while the plane was a total wreck.

After getting further information, Goldie concluded that the trouble started when Kidder was in a loop and the plane was on its back. Apparently the safety belt had become unfastened and, while trying to fasten it, Kidder fell out of the plane. The rest of the flight was merely the guiding hand of the guardian angel taking care of mere man.

Shortly after this Goldie was sent for training as an observation pilot to the observation school. Here he met again his old bunkie Shran, and became one of Shran's pupils. Two weeks of hard work had been finished when the senior in-



"WITH THAT MAN'S NAME AND LUCK I COULD FLY WITH A BOARD!"

structor announced that the next day they would receive instructions in combat with single seater planes. In this simulated combat there would be an observer in the rear seat to operate the turret guns.

Upon arriving at his plane next morning, Goldie was not only surprised but chagrined to find that his old pupil, Wingman, had been assigned as his observer. His opponent for the combat was Shran. After they had received their final instructions for the mimic combat Goldie told Wingman to get in and stay in, then he climbed in the plane himself. In a few moments they were in the air maneuvering for position in the combat with the single seater.

One maneuver brought on another until Goldie finally managed to bring his plane just to the rear and slightly under the tail of the other one. Shran made a dive to get away. Goldie, to keep the single seater in the cone of fire of his bow guns, made a dive after the other plane. As he started the dive he felt a strange jar in his machine. He leveled out and turned his head in time to see Wingman leave the cockpit and fly through the air with both turret guns in his hands. Goldie at once realized that the gun mount had been torn off as a result of the quick dive and that Wingman, who had been standing up operating the guns, had been thrown out with the guns.

He turned his head for a moment, so as to avoid hitting the other plane, and when he looked back again, there was Wingman sitting on his knees on the fuselage just in front of the tail surfaces. It was a ticklish moment, for if he increased his speed or abruptly changed direction with his controls, Wingman would surely be lost overboard. Accordingly, Goldie kept his head to the front and concentrated all of his energies on bringing the plane to

the ground with as little change of direction and change of speed as he could.

In the meantime, Shran, having seen Wingman thrown from the plane, hurried to the ground with a view to giving an account of this most unusual and tragic accident. Goldie, after a few seconds, was not able to stand further suspense and turned around only to find that Wingman had disappeared. He feared for the worst and lost no time in getting back to the flying field.

When his plane had stopped rolling on the line in front of the hangars, he saw Shran there in the act of telling the Commanding Officer the horrors of the accident. Goldie rushed over, but before he could tell his version a movement from his plane drew the attention of all those present. Then to the utter astonishment of the group of tragic-faced officers, Wingman crawled out of the rear cockpit. With a very correct salute, he said:

"I am sorry that I lost the machine guns but I think that I know where they fell and that I can find them."

After congratulating Wingman on his escape, Goldie turned to Shran and said: "With that man's name and luck I could fly with a board."

(The End.)

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A.T.M.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM OUR FRIENDS ON THE U. S. S. "CLEVELAND"

Since the departure of the U. S. S. *Cleveland* from Boston, November 1, we had an uneventful voyage to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where we arrived on Sunday, November 9. On the morning of the tenth we went ashore for eight days, camping at Deer Point and spending our leisure hours during the day on the rifle range firing the Army course, and did very well. We also fired the Navy course and all members of the detachment ashore qualified as marksmen or better, and a number of the detachment are now sporting the Navy expert rifleman's insignia on their sleeves.

While at Guantanamo, Privates Busch and Runge, who had made previous plans to spend the winter in or near Boston, arrived via the U. S. S. *Whitney*, thereby proving Bobby Burns correct in regard to the plans of mice and men. By the way, Private Runge takes this occasion to let his friends throughout the service know that he will be in seclusion for the next twenty days. Another discovery made by the newer members of the detachment is that Bacardi is a drink and not a city.

On the morning of the 24th we pulled up the "hook" and left for Puerto Castilla, Honduras, where we arrived on the morning of the 27th and were met by the U. S. S. *Tulsa*, which left immediately thereafter for Panama. At present we are alongside the United Fruit Company's dock at Puerto Castilla and have an unobstructed view of the native village from the water and are near the source of the banana supply (yes, we have bananas), but I am afraid that a banana peddler will never make a fortune selling that toothsome delicacy if the members of the crew continue in their present frame of mind, as everyone seems to be well fed up on them with the possible exception of Private Stine, who seems to thrive on them; and it is noted that his recent promotion to the rank of Private (first class) has had no visible effect on his appetite.

The Marine Detachment is at present taking an active interest in athletics, having organized a ball team and boat crew. Nagel and Muslar are two of our prominent boxers, and Huff is training for a wrestling bout at our next smoker. We also have some contestants for the crown of Bobby Jones who swing a wicked niblick.

Due to the unsettled condition in Honduras there has been no opportunity to visit points of interest around Puerto Castilla. The United Fruit Company offered to take the crew on a sightseeing trip to some of their plantations in the interior, but owing to a washout on the railroad, it has been postponed indefinitely, and I believe for good, as it is possible that we are to leave here Friday or Saturday for Panama.

MARINE SEA SCHOOL, NORFOLK, VA.

The Sea School at Norfolk, commanded since last June by Capt. Louis Estell Fagan, U. S. Marine Corps, is always busy turning out Marines for service with the ships of the Atlantic, Caribbean and European waters. About twenty men each week arrive from Parris Island and are given a three weeks' course of instruction in the rudiments of sea-going duties of Marines before being transferred to men of war.

The permanent detail of instructors consists of one First Sergeant, one Gunner Sergeant, two Sergeants, seven Corporals, one private (first class), two privates and one trumpeter. The men under training vary from fifty to two hundred, depending upon the need for replacements afloat. All hands are quartered in Barracks No. 1 and mess in Barracks No. 2. The Sea School has its own recreation room equipped with a piano and current publications, and adorned with snappy window hangings, portraits of all the Commandants of the Corps and attractive furniture.

First Sgt. Arthur H. Steele has recently joined the Sea School at Norfolk, taking the place vacated by First Sgt. Josiah D. Johnson, who was needed to control the destinies and intricacies of the Barracks Detachment. Johnson was a Lieutenant in the Army during the World War, and after joining the Marines, served as an officer in the Dominican Guardia. He is an expert topographer, and was a member of one of the details that mapped battlefields in France where men of the Corps had fought. As an all around good scout and fine soldier he has few peers.

Sgt. Steele comes fresh from the ocean wave via Quantico. He left the *Pittsburgh*, in European waters last June after visiting seaport and inland towns from Scandinavia to the Red Sea. Prior to this trick on the deep, he served on the U. S. S. *Delaware* and was at one time an instructor at the Sea School when it was located at Parris Island, S. C. He is fully qualified for his new job.

Gy. Sgt. Owen Minter has charge of the quarters and field work, assisted by Sergeants Hensch and Akins, and jewelers rouge, elbow grease and shoe brushes are the order of the day. The recruits now wear white belts on liberty the same as Quantico, and look very smart.

Christmas furloughs were open to anyone who put in his name and were of fifteen days' duration, beginning Monday, December 22.

Ten men were recently picked for duty with the *Utah* on her cruise to Peru and other South American ports with Gen. Pershing, Vice Admiral McCully and other notables aboard. It goes without saying that great care was taken in selecting men for this detail. Flo Ziegfeld had nothing on those who made the selection. Every man chosen was five

feet and eleven inches, or taller, and each one has a brain that functions.

SAN DIEGO TO NORFOLK BY TRANSPORT

Every man who makes the trip from the West to the East Coast by water marvels at the beauty of the country he sees and ends by thinking he would like to go to sea.

It was on a bright morning in September that we saw the U. S. S. *Argonne* come into the harbor of San Diego, and we knew very well that it meant that three of us would leave on her for the East Coast.

After some little trouble, we finally managed to get aboard that afternoon and get ourselves settled as comfortably as possible for the night. The ship was due to sail early the next morning.

When we awoke the next morning we were at sea out of sight of land. I ate my first breakfast on board that ship and it was an event that I'll remember for a long time.

We were at sea for quite a time before land was sighted and I was informed that it was the coast of Mexico. Then we ran along Central America. One morning at about four o'clock we anchored off the coast of Nicaragua, just outside the harbor of Corinto, which is the railroad head for the Managua line. At the latter place is stationed a detachment of Marines for legation guard duty. We left one Marine there to join the guard and about ten o'clock were on our way once more.

Balboa, Panama, was reached next. We came into the harbor at noon in the midst of a tropical shower. We docked and the liberty parties started going ashore. I was in the first bunch to shove off. Three days later we passed through the Panama Canal. The scenery was beautiful and the climate was all that could be wished for. We had navigated the Canal by evening and then loaded fuel oil until about 11 p. m. at Colon, Panama.

Sometime between the 12 to 4 watch we started for Port au Prince, Republic of Haiti, and arrived there three days later on a beautiful morning. What a sight greeted our eyes—a picture no artist has ever painted. There nestled in between the green hills was the little town with its queer buildings and spires just visible in the distance. Coal black natives in "bumboats" came out to meet us and dive for coins thrown to them. Here we remained for about three hours.

We were now on the last lap of our journey through the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic. Just thirty days after we had lost sight of the California coast we disembarked at the Naval Operating Base, Hampton Roads, Va., after completing a trip filled with many interesting sights.

TED EDWARDS,
Washington, D. C.



ATM

THE HEROIC DEATH OF EDWIN P. KISHLER

The following letter was forwarded to the Major General Commandant, Headquarters, Marine Corps, by Major Harry C. Miller, Commander of the Metropolitan Post of the American Legion, New York City, who had received it from Mr. Howard I. Potter, 45 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill., formerly a First Lieutenant in G Company, 104th Infantry.

According to the records of Pvt. Kishler, U. S. Marine, he enlisted at Parris Island, S. C., December 15, 1917, landed in France, March 27, 1918, and was killed in action June 23, 1918. His mother, Mrs. Jennie Kishler, lives at 5703 Blackstone Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The incident of his heroic death cited below had failed, up till the present time, to go on the records of Pvt. Kishler, and it gives us pleasure to publish this letter in THE LEATHERNECK:

November 3, 1924.

Dear Major:

During July, 1918, while I was serving with the 104th Infantry in Belleau Woods the following incident occurred, which may be worth giving your consideration.

We had been having burial details out for several nights and about midnight on one occasion Sgt. Sweeney and Pvt. Rice of G Company, 104th Infantry, came to my dugout and said they had just had a very unusual experience. They asked permission to speak to Maj. Lewis, commanding the Second Battalion. Maj. Lewis' P. c. was located in the ravine at the foot of the woods and we went together to see him. Here Sgt. Sweeney and Pvt. Rice told of the heroic death of Edwin P. Kishler. The circumstances described gave a very vivid picture of the manner in which Mr. Kishler met his death. He had apparently been commanding a platoon as Sergeant or acting Sergeant. The platoon was rushing a machine gun nest on the side of a hill and the members of the platoon had been practically wiped out. The machine gun was located between two large rocks at the crest of the hill, and Kishler had started out, after the other men had been killed, to rush the nest with an automatic rifle. He had another Marine with him by the name of McDonnough carrying ammunition clips. McDonnough was lying dead about twenty yards from the machine gun nest and every automatic clip had been emptied. About ten yards from the enemy machine gun post Kishler was lying dead over a rifle with bayonet fixed, and when we turned him over there were at least a dozen bullets in his chest. The picture made it evident that he had exhausted every automatic rifle shot and had then attempted alone to rush the nest with a bayonet. He had gotten within a few paces of the nest when the pattern of the German machine gun got him in the breast and he fell right over his rifle.

The burial detail composed of Sgt. Sweeney and Pvt. Rice had covered up the other members of the platoon who were killed on the side of the hill, but they were so impressed with the heroism of Kishler that they wanted an officer to see his body before he was buried.

We buried Kishler that morning, and it has always been my desire to make some record of this incident, particularly to the relatives of Mr. Kishler. I could furnish you with the date we buried Kishler if you would care to have such information. I gave the duplicate of the identification tag of Kishler to Sgt. Sweeney, who in turn handed it to our First Sgt. Nordquist, who was killed shortly afterwards, and it may be that he turned this over to the Company Clerk or to the Battalion Intelligence Officer.

Sgt. Sweeney, I understand, was killed sometime later, and Pvt. Rice, the other member of the burial detail, was lying dead on a stretcher the day we advanced from Belleau Woods.

I will appreciate it if you will take steps to learn from Washington the identity of Kishler and his relatives, in order that you may communicate this story to them and to Washington if you think it advisable.

HOWARD I. POTTER.

INCREASED ACTIVITY IN MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

The following news was received from Miss Ray C. Sawyer, New York, National Adjutant of the Marine Corps League, regarding the ever increasing interest taken in this League.

From Portland, Oreg., comes a request from Capt. Claude A. Larkin, U. S. Marine Corps, who is in charge of recruiting for that district for full information regarding the League and the organization of a local detachment. Ex-Marines who may at the present time reside in that city or vicinity are urged to communicate with Capt. Larkin.

Sgt. Charles Davis of the Pittsburgh Recruiting Office is stirring up interest in that part of the country, and it is hoped will put new life in the Lillian Russell Moore Detachment organized sometime ago.

Fred E. Billman, an ex-Marine, and at present holding down the job of Department Senior Vice Commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars in the State of Indiana, has taken the initiative and is organizing a Department in Indianapolis, Ind. Natives from Indiana who desire to join this Detachment are requested to communicate with Mr. Billman, 12 East Michigan Street, Indianapolis.

Kansas City, Mo., is not to be outdone by other prominent cities and is organizing a local Detachment under the direction of Gordon Letchworth and Capt. C. McLott, in charge of recruiting at Kansas City. For application

for membership in this Detachment, address Mr. Letchworth, 1119 Commerce Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Tulsa, Okla., will in all likelihood have the distinction of being the last Detachment to apply for a charter during the year 1924. H. E. Rothrock is the organizer and his address is 1406 East 19th Street, Tulsa, Okla. The application is signed by the following: H. E. Rothrock, Irene E. Rothrock (who served at Headquarters, Marine Corps during the war), E. E. Brooks, A. J. Tournis, Wm. H. Winn, Geo. F. Berry, John D. Sullivan, Ted Thompson, Paul P. Burns, A. P. Utley, Sam H. Spear, Charles Howard Jones, and Russell N. Graham.

MY BUNKIE

Who wore my khaki and my blues,
Peddled my sox and shoes,
And all his money spent for booze?
My Bunkie.

Who threw burnt matches on the floor,
And cigarette butts by the score,
And kept me awake when he would snore?

My Bunkie.

When "taps" has gone, and every light
Has been extinguished for the night,
Who dropped his shoes with all his might?

My Bunkie.

Who, in the morning feeling mean,
Mixed up a "shot" in his canteen
Of my bayrum and listerine,
For me to drink and blister in?

My Bunkie.

I "savvy" you, my pal of old,
Your grip was firm and never cold.
You had a heart as pure as gold.

My Bunkie.

But these faults of years I could condone,
Because they were not yours alone,
And I had plenty of my own.

My Bunkie.

I "savvy" you, you were true blue,
And in my heart there's room for you,
And all I have you're welcome to.

My Bunkie.

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SOMETHING NEW

Every now and then somebody says something that sticks. It expresses an idea and catches the public fancy. We recall all sorts of expressions that were used by men who wished to say something quickly and forcibly, although at the time they did not know that what they said would live for generations.

Who is not familiar with such historic ejaculations as: "Don't give up the ship!" "Fire when you are ready, Gridley!" "Retreat hell, we just got here!" "Damn the torpedoes, go ahead!" "Come on you —, do you want to live forever?" God bless the men who thus cried out their sentiments!

There are other sayings that are not as spectacular as these, but are in more general use. "Tell it to the Marines," and "Join the Navy and see the world," are as familiar as mess call. It remained for the Hon. T. D. Robinson, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, to give us a new slogan. The *Newport Recruit* in its issue of December 20th, says that while delivering an address at the Training Station, Mr. Robinson remarked: "It would be my idea to have each and every one of you 'Join the Navy and Show the World' instead of 'See the World.'"

That is very simple, but it is very different, and very much better. Show the World! Show the world what? Show it what the United States is, of course! We all travel and see things that are foreign to us. Well, we are just as foreign to others as they are to us. We judge them, and they judge us. They not only judge us, but they judge the country by what they see of us, and they remember what they see.

In 1921 when the Marines were called upon to protect the United States mails and traveled all over the country on mail trains, Secretary Denby's orders included this expression: "— if attacked, shoot and shoot to kill. —." That

*Will some of our exchanges add to the list of expressions that should live forever in the Naval Service.

HEADQUARTERS TALK

ADJUSTED COMPENSATION ACTIVITY, U. S. MARINE CORPS

The passage by Congress of the World War Adjusted Compensation Act has put a task of gigantic proportions upon the Governmental Departments involved in its administration, i. e., the War and Navy Departments and the U. S. Veterans' Bureau. It has also been the means of assisting these departments in filling in missing links in the military history of the World War, and of completing the records of many individuals.

The new addresses of veterans have also been of enormous value. Many of these men had purchased Liberty Bonds or War Saving Stamps, or perhaps had money due them which had not been included in their final checks upon discharge, owing to the incompleteness of their records at that time and the desire of all to get home with the least possible delay. The Treasury Department has had a great number of these valuable securities and large sums of money which it has been endeavoring to forward to the persons entitled to receive them and because of lack of the proper address has been hampered in its efforts. Many of these men were awarded different insignia for their services which were returned after mailing, the Post Office Department being unable to find them at the address given. The Marine Corps has been aided very materially in this respect, and is using the new addresses thus obtained in an endeavor to deliver to its former members the insignia due them as the result of their patriotic services.

Indirectly, the bonus bill has also been the means of reuniting many families, separated in most instances through carelessness, willful or otherwise, of veterans who upon leaving the service, concealed their whereabouts from their wives, parents or friends.

A very interesting case has just come to light in the application for bonus recently received at Marine Corps Headquarters from a former Marine. The records of the Marine Corps as they now stand show that this veteran of the World War applied for enlistment in October, 1918, at Memphis, Tenn., and was inducted into the Corps, being immediately transferred to the Recruit Depot at Parris Island, S. C., for training. He later served at Quantico, Va., and in the Dominican Republic, being honorably discharged during December, 1919, at Philadelphia, Pa., while a member of the First Casual Company, 15th Regiment. He was awarded character "Excellent" upon discharge, also a Good Conduct Medal for faithful service.

The records show that a veteran giving

is short and decidedly to the point. "— shoot to kill." Everybody understood it and knew exactly what was expected of him. "Show the World" serves the same purpose. It is worth remembering, and probably will be remembered as long as "Tell it to the Marines" and longer than "See the World." It is as good as the former and better than the latter.

ing the same name applied for reenlistment in September, 1923, and was reenlisted at Atlanta, Ga., being transferred to duty at New Orleans, La., from which post, after a period of unsatisfactory service, he deserted in July, 1924, and has not since been apprehended.

Further reference to records reveals the fact that an individual bearing the same last name, applied for enlistment in the Marine Corps at Memphis, Tenn., in July, 1918, and was enlisted a few days later at Parris Island, S. C., later serving over seas. His record was not very satisfactory from a military standpoint, but he received an honorable discharge at Quantico, Va., in August, 1919, with character "Good." He reenlisted at Memphis in April, 1920, was transferred to Mare Island, Calif., and from there to duty aboard ship, deserting while a member of the Marine Corps Detachment of that vessel during the month of May, 1920.

An application for adjusted compensation submitted by the first named veteran has recently been received at Marine Corps Headquarters, and on comparing the finger prints upon the application with those in the last service history book in his record case at Headquarters, it was noted that they were not identical. Further comparison of the prints on the application with those in the book covering his original enlistment, showed them to be identical.

With this as a basis, further search was made through the finger print files, and it was finally and definitely determined that the prints in the service record book covering the last enlistment of the applicant, were those of the man already shown on the records to be a deserter from the Marine Corps since May, 1920.

The two veterans gave the same address for their next of kin, and would appear therefore to be brothers. It is accordingly apparent that the one, with the knowledge of his brother's service, and perhaps the latter's discharge certificate, used his name and honorable record as a basis for procuring reenlistment in the Marine Corps, later deserting, and of course, placing a black blot opposite the other's name.

The records are now being straightened out and the honorable military status of the one brother will be cleared, after which his application for adjusted compensation will be forwarded to The Director of the U. S. Veterans' Bureau, together with a certificate showing the amount of adjusted service credit to which he is entitled.

Under the provisions of the Act, the other veteran is also entitled to compensation for his war service, inasmuch as it was honorable, but as a deserter-at-large, with a reward offered for his apprehension, it is not likely he will apply.

Lieut. Col. Rush R. Wallace, Capt. Paul C. Marmion, and Second Lieut. James H. Strother have been found by the general examining board qualified for promotion to the next higher grades respectively.

Quartermaster Sgt. Joseph C. Brochek was warranted a Quartermaster Clerk on December 30, with rank from May 27, 1924, and he will remain on duty at Marine Barracks, Mare Island, Calif., for the present.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "DOC" CLIFFORD,
Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.

Ninety men left Parris Island for the West Coast on January 1st. What a magnificent commencement for the New Year. The boys certainly appreciated the assignment and their eyes sparkled with delight at the trip which lay ahead. They proceeded by train to Pensacola, thence by sea through the famous Canal and on to San Diego. Could wishes become orders at least another hundred, mostly old timers, would also have gone with them. The West has a fascination all its own, and once you have been there you are apt to, occasionally, long to be there again.

A tour of duty in Haiti is one which can be made a great education to a Marine. He has a lovely climate, and if he looks after himself, the finest chance in the world to become acquainted with the beneficent influence of American life on the people of a foreign country. He can shape himself for exerting a similar influence by living up to the ideals for which we as a nation are known the world around. Quite a number are expecting to leave for the Island on the U. S. S. *Henderson* on the 6th. The Hostess House at Parris Island during the last few months has been receiving the attention of the painters, and it certainly pays well for the attention given to it. Mrs. W. C. Whitaker, the hostess, together with her assistant, Mrs. A. P. Ridley, have the happy faculty of making those who go there feel at home. The place itself is thoroughly comfortable and you feel the welcome as soon as you step over the threshold. The food in the cafeteria is excellent. The Chef James Woolridge, knows his business, while David Johnson really delights in giving good service at the counter.

Gunnery Sgt. McGarvey of the Training Station expects shortly to complete his present enlistment. Asked if he would ship over, his reply was very characteristic, "You may bet your life I will, and the very next day," and then followed: "Why I've only another six years to complete my thirty years." McGarvey is a good conscientious fellow, one who seeks to do and give his best all the time. The Training Station Sgt. Maj., C. E. Gray, has also twenty-three years to his credit, and still likes to feel that he is only a youngster. He is one of the men who feel that they not only belong to the Marine Corps, but the Corps belongs to them.

The result is always the same, affectionate loyalty and earnest service.

Sgt. F. T. Burns, who has just landed at Parris Island with his wife and baby, was just another reminder of the days across the Herring-pond. He did good service under the command of that doughty leader, Capt. Fay, in the Machine Gun Company attached to the third battalion of the Fifth in France. He is still full of pep and in just the spirit to continue his already good record of efficient service.

When I first heard of Parris Island, someone said "Island of dust, sandflies and fish shells." That was in the days

(Continued on page 15)



THE U. S. S. "MARYLAND" IS AT IT AGAIN!

The *Catapult* has some pertinent remarks to make relative to the inspection by Vice Admiral Wiley, Commander of the Battleship Divisions of the Fleet. "The *Maryland's* decks are clean and attractive. The *Maryland* has shown remarkably consistent and steady improvement in smartness and upkeep. All living spaces are remarkably neat and clean. Her engineering department is a model of neatness. Her mess tables, benches and equipment are splendid."

After firing night battle practice the *Maryland* received the following signal from Vice Admiral Wiley: "Congratulations on your night firing. It was a fine performance." The *Catapult* says: "We thought it was darned near perfect, but the gunnery people tell us that we did miss two or three shots on each run."

The crew of the *Maryland* subscribed well over a thousand dollars in order to show one hundred little girls the real meaning of the word "Christmas."

GEN. PERSHING AN ABLE SEAMAN

Everybody knows that Gen. Pershing is a soldier, but it remained for the *Big "U"* of the U. S. S. *Utah* to inform us that he is an able seaman as well. It was during the voyage of the *Utah* to Peru, when King Neptune visited the ship officially, that the famous Commander of the American Armies in Europe was an interested spectator of the ceremonies, and learned the difference between going "over the top" and "over the line." As a souvenir of the occasion the General received a certificate rating him an "Able Seaman," and thereby authorizing him to associate with all Shellbacks, Pollywogs, Tadpoles, Mermen and Mermaids.

Marine Detachments of ships on the Asiatic Station are requested to tell us what they are doing.—Editor.

Graduates of the Marine Corps Institute who return to civil life should have their diplomas framed and displayed in their places of business, so that any who are interested may see their qualifications.

ALL SECURE

By JOHN CULNAN,
U. S. M. C., '20-'24

HI WRIGHT PERRY

An Epic of the Fifth Marines

CANTO I.

I have sworn that Hi Wright Perry,
Matchless lad from County Kerry,
Troubadour of ballads airy,
Be not lost to us through death.

True enough, he lies a-dreaming
'Neath the poppy pennons teeming,
Where the silent Meuse is streaming,
And he sleeps without a breath.

But I knew him when his lyric
Ditties, dreamer-wise empiric,
In an endless panegyric
Made our lagging ardor soar.

If I tell my story plainly
And in cadences ungainly,
Never mind, so it be mainly
For the glory of the Corps.

As for Hi, 'twas any measure
He could sing in, at his pleasure,
But above all did he treasure
The audacious "Parlez-Vous."

Which resounded in the forest
As along the route we chorused,
And, when agony was sorest,
Could revive our strength anew.

To begin with, we were floating
Down the Mississippi, doting
On her splendor, and devoting
Days and nights to vagaries.

Hi was nearly broken-hearted
O'er a love that had departed,
And together we had started
Southward toward the sunny seas.

For we had a youthful notion
That the equatorial ocean
Acts upon one as a lotion
When the heart is in distress.

O'er a bottle of old Spanish
We declared that we would banish
Vain regrets, and that we'd vanish
In the distance—nothing less.

TRIOLET

Rolling 'em low,
Euphrosyne?
In all that snow,
Rolling 'em low?
I told you so;
You can't blame me!
Rolling 'em low—
You froze a knee.

IN MEMORIAM

George Wallis Hamilton—
Gallant Skipper George!
On the chain of battles won,
George Wallis Hamilton,
We shall carve, ere we are done
With the link we have to forge—
"George Wallis Hamilton—
Gallant Skipper George!"

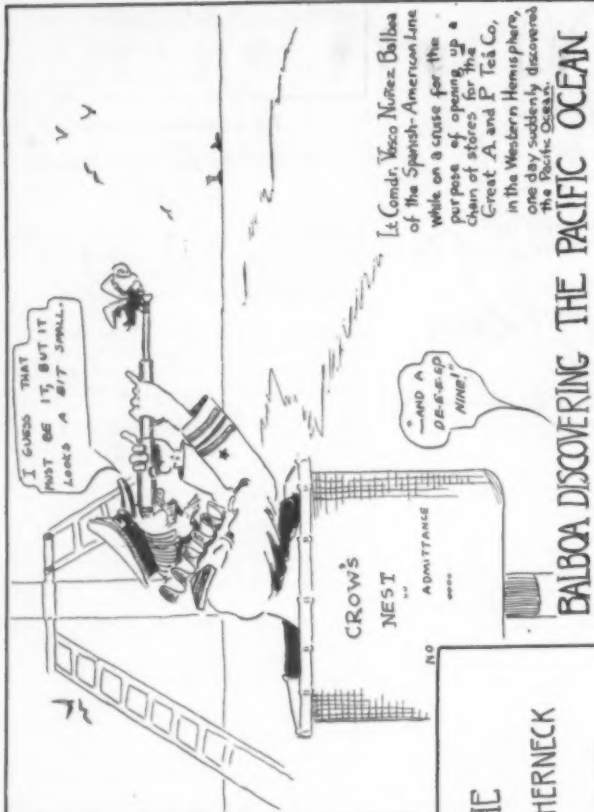
JOHN CULNAN.

This is YOUR paper. Help us make it better.



WASHINGTON CRACKING THE DELAWARE.

General E. Washington, claimed to be one of the most truthful Generals we ever had, made contact with the frozen surface of the Delaware River, one Saturday afternoon, and now the inhabitants of Trenton Point with grudge to the cracks in the ice, which have been carefully preserved as a memorial of the spot so intimately connected with the great man.

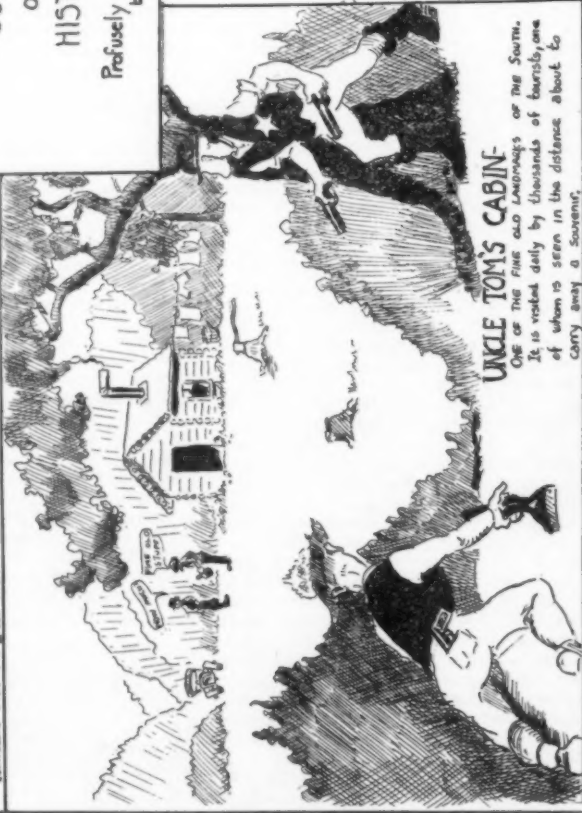


BALBOA DISCOVERING THE PACIFIC OCEAN

Lt. Comdr. Vasco Núñez Balboa of the Spanish-American Line while on a cruise for the purpose of opening up a chain of stores for the Great A. and P. Tea Co. in the Western Hemisphere, one day suddenly discovered the Pacific Ocean.

THE LEATHERNECK OUTLINE OF HISTORY

Refusely Illustrated by - catallones -



UNCLE TOM'S CABIN-

ONE OF THE FINE OLD LANDMARKS OF THE SOUTH. It is visited daily by thousands of tourists, one of whom is seen in the distance about to carry away a souvenir.



CUSTER'S LAST STAND

FOR CUSTER, TERROR OF THE REDSKINS, AND HERO OF COVERED WAGON DAYS, WAS MUDDERED BY THE BLACK HAND FOR CHEERING ABOUT THE SLIMNESS OF BANANAS.

The hand richest they do as long Marine an inquiry racks The tacks. you m "Tha rine. The when a spect to "Tha "Doe kindly "Tha "Will leave t in your "Tha said th can tel you ove and go "For "My fir ies, pi sweepe That's

"Cros sauce," watchin latest m squares. "Oh, I "What's means d "Gloo "Gloo that wor the big "Is th can thir you to "Sprin "A gy a handl "I'll b "A du off on li



Business Is Business

The Marine had won the heart and hand of Miss De Puyster, one of the richest heiresses in Washington, and they decided to keep the affair secret as long as possible. Consequently the Marine was very much annoyed when an inquisitive visitor called at the barracks the next day.

The visitor got right down to brass tacks. "Under what circumstances did you meet Miss De Puyster?" he asked. "That's my business," said the Marine.

The interviewer was unruffled. "Just when do you and the young lady expect to marry?" he continued.

"That's our business."

"Does Miss De Puyster's father take kindly to the match?"

"That's his business."

"Will the Marine Corps permit you to leave the service in view of this change in your fortunes?"

"That's the Marine Corps' business," said the Marine, "and furthermore you can tell that dumbbell editor who sent you over here to mind his own business and go to —."

"Forget it!" said the interviewer. "My firm carries a full line of draperies, piano players, carpets, vacuum sweepers, twin beds and baby carriages. That's *my* business!"

Cross-Word Persiflage

"Cross-word puzzles are a lot of apple sauce," remarked Pinky Ellis, who was watching his buddies trying to solve the latest mystery outlined in the checkered squares. "Any simp can work 'em out."

"Oh, I don't know," said Spud Murphy. "What's a word of five letters that means dark, dismal and melancholy?"

"Gloom," answered Pinky promptly.

"Gloom is right," said Spud. "And that word describes you exactly. You're the biggest 'gloom' in the barracks."

"Is that so?" sneered Pinky. "Well I can think of a definition that describes you to a fare-you-well."

"Spring it," said Spud.

"A gymnastic implement consisting of a handle with a ball at each end."

"I'll bite. What is it?" said Spud.

"A dumbbell," said Pinky as he shoved off on liberty.

By HASH MARK

The True Test

'Most every Marine can be serene
When everything goes all right;
But the Marine worth while
Is the one who can smile
When he steps on a tack at night.

Where Military Training Counts

A U. S. Marine should be military at all times in order to take the fullest advantage of his training. For example:

No. 1. When you turn in at night: "Fall in quickly and cover up."

No. 2. After getting in bed: "Assume the prone position."

No. 3. When visiting a restaurant: "Take your place, and come quickly to the order."

No. 4. When you meet a flapper on the street: "Keep your head and eyes to the front."

No. 5. When looking for an address on a strange street: "Do it by the numbers."

No. 6. When canoeing in stormy weather: "Come quickly to a port."

No. 7. When listening to the voice of conscience: "Incline to the right."

No. 8. When your girl offers you her hand: "Hold it and squeeze it."

No. 9. When passing strange bull-dogs: "Keep constantly on the alert."

No. 10. When approaching a boot-legger: "Do an about face, and to the rear, march!"

Don't Get Excited

It was New Year's eve. The Marine was hurrying along the street to keep an engagement he had with his best girl. As he turned from the main thoroughfare into the side street where his girl lived, he withdrew a bottle from his hip pocket, removed its cork, sniffed its contents, and smiled in anticipation. "Oh, boy!" he said. "I'll bet Lucille gets a 'kick' out of this all right. It's the real, imported stuff. The druggist guaranteed it. She sure will be pleased with this bottle of perfume."

My Busy Day

I like to put things off until
Tomorrow;
What I can't do today, I will
Tomorrow.
I'll pay the jawbone that I owe,
I'll go the places I should go,
I'll start to save a wad of dough,
Tomorrow.

I'll write the letters I should write
Tomorrow;
I'm going to work from dawn till night
Tomorrow.
There's not a moment I will lose,
I'll shine the buttons on my blues,
Wash my clothes and shine my shoes,
Tomorrow.

I'm going to join the M. C. I.
Tomorrow;
I'll pick the course I'm going to try,
Tomorrow.
I'm going to study hard as sin,
So a diploma I will win,
And I'm dead anxious to begin—
Tomorrow.

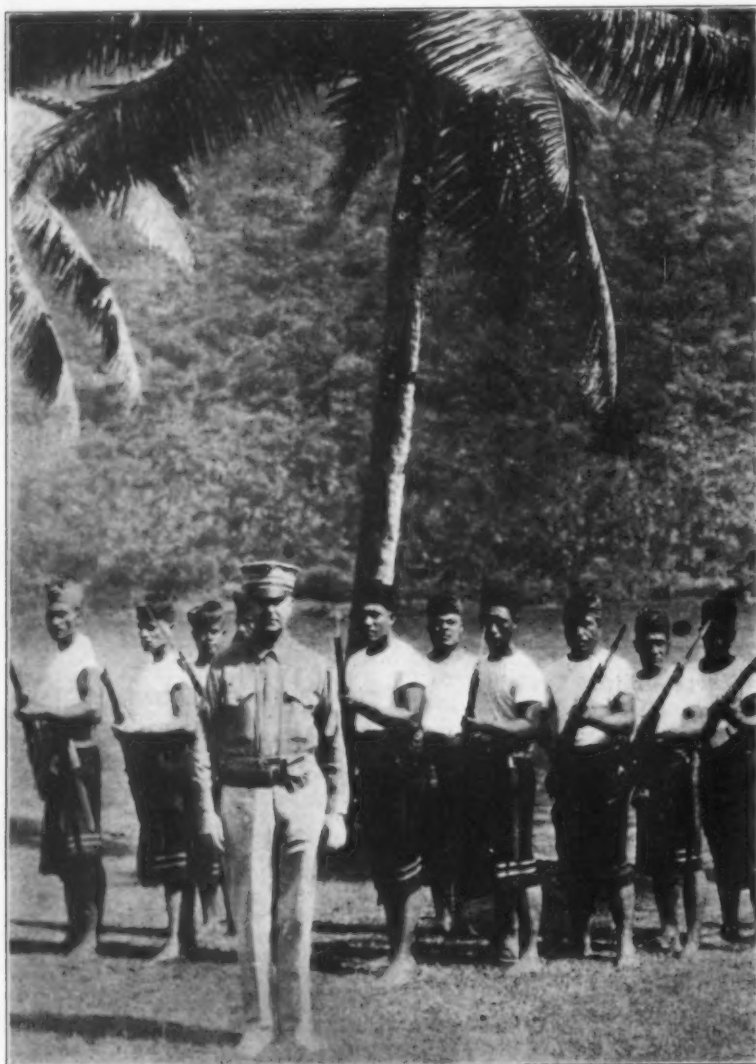
Gee Whiz! I'm never going to step,
Tomorrow;
I'm going to snap out of my hop,
Tomorrow.
Today I'm lying at my ease
And doing everything I please,
But I'll get going like a breeze—
Tomorrow.

Those Happy Days

Twenty years ago eggs were 10 cents a dozen; milk was five cents a quart; the butcher gave liver away; the hired girl received \$1 a week and did the washing. Women did not paint or powder (in public), play poker or shake the shimmie, and they were taught to cook at the age of 3.—*Pen and Pencil News.*

Don't Give Up Hope

A Marine who had completed thirty years of faithful service retired with a comfortable fortune on \$60,000. He amassed this large sum through his courage, enterprise, initiative, attention to duty, faithfulness, military efficiency, the careful investment of his savings, and the death of an uncle who left the Marine \$59,999.



Official Photo, U. S. M. C.

LONE MARINE COMMANDS NATIVE SAMOANS

FIRST SGT. NELSON HURON AND HIS FITA FITAS

Surrounded by the dusky natives of the South Sea Isles, First Sgt. Nelson Huron, U. S. M. C., has perhaps the most novel assignment ever given to a U. S. Marine. He commands the Fita Fitas or native guard of Samoans who protect naval property on the Island of Tutuila, Samoa. Thousands of miles away from any of his comrades, Sgt. Huron is left to his own resources in directing the duties and routine of his native charges. By virtue of his position he is known to the Samoans as "Chief of the Fita Fitas." This guard is said to be the only permanent military organization which the United States maintains south of the Equator. Its members are all native Samoans, enlisted in the Navy for duty at that station, and their uniform is patterned after the ordinary native costume. The natives wear a uniform which consists of an undershirt with quarter-sleeves, a turban, a short skirt, and sash. The turban and sash are red, while the skirt is navy blue with red trimmings at the bottom.

THE MARINE CORPS AS I KNOW IT

(Continued from page 2)

1912, the occupation of Vera Cruz in 1914, the occupation of Haiti in 1915 and Santo Domingo in 1916, and the World War. Nor does it include the numerous times—say about thirty—that they have gone down to West Indian and Central American countries and not landed.

The Marines are an exceptionally versatile body of men and are not only "Jacks of all trades," but masters of many; not only have they no superiors as infantrymen, but they are also equally as expert artillerymen, engineers, aviators, machine gun men, signalmen, etc., and well versed in all military branches and subjects pertaining to their profession, and a good many which are not.

There is hardly a job worth while that he has not tackled and made good, nor one that he wouldn't tackle if necessary, with the same result.

In Nicaragua in 1912, during a revolution, the rolling stock of the railway was tumbled into the ditch, and some of

the roadway wrecked. The Marines not only got the rolling stock back on the rails and repaired both it and the roadbed, but from the ranks formed a sufficient number of efficient engineers, firemen, telegraphers, and other operatives to fully man the trains and stations, but to operate it on schedule time, a thing that had previously been unknown.

Not long ago, while a prominent newspaperman was watching the drill of a battalion of Marines, in company with a high-ranking Marine officer, that officer offered to lay a wager that the onlooker could not name a task in mechanics, literature, art, music, business, or sport, that could not be performed by one of the Marines in line, and it wasn't a very long line, either. That was apparently a pretty sporty wager, but it wasn't taken. The said newspaperman in writing of this offer stated that he had seen those same Marines in the field before, running railroads, telegraph lines, steamships and typewriters. He had seen them playing baseball in Shanghai and Tokyo, and he had seen them mushing dogsleds in Alaska. That writer stated that it's a sort of tradition in the Marine Corps to be able to master any situation that arises, and I fully agree with him. Once in Panama, when the daughter of the British Minister was to be married, toward the last something went wrong with the wedding cake. After every other means had proven impractical, the Marines, 20 miles away, were called upon, and not only produced the goods, but had all of the decorations added; and in the most conspicuous place on the cake had beautifully wrought in the general design the sacred emblem of the Marine Corps, the Big Globe, Anchor and Eagle.

And the reason why the Marines were called upon in this emergency was that the British Minister was indoctrinated, as were most everyone else in Panama, that when in dire extremities, call on the Marines.

Finally, the Marine Corps is a great educational institution, and as such is not only a real benefit to those who enter it, but to the country at large in the large number of trained men who find employment in civil pursuits when discharged.

When a recruit enters, he is immediately sent for a course in military schooling, which amongst other things, teaches him discipline, a most valuable asset in every walk of life both military and civil.

From the military school he is assigned for General Service, during which period he serves part of his time on shore and the remainder at sea, where he may find himself landed in almost any part of the world. It is during his general service period that he is encouraged to take advantage of the schooling opportunities offered, whether it be "book learning" or a trade; and if any aptitude or real desire to profit by it be shown, he is given every encouragement to better himself. So many of them become so proficient that civil firms offer them such high wages, that we find it hard to retain many of our best men. And so I take off my hat to the Marines, from the Commanding General to the latest recruit; the Navy is proud of them, and deservedly so. And I want the public to know them as I do, and take the same just interest and pride in them that we of the Navy do.

JONES



ONE BETTER BET

An elderly gentleman who had never seen a football game was persuaded by a young enthusiast to attend one of the minor gridiron contests.

"Now," said the young fellow as the game was about to start, "you see more excitement for a couple of dollars than you ever saw before."

"I have my doubts about that," replied the elderly gentleman. "That's all my marriage license cost me."—*Boston Transcript*.

Two old Irish women were overheard commenting on a sermon they had heard on the beauties of married life.

"Tis a fine sermon his rивerence would be afther givin' us on marriage," said Bridget.

"It is indade," replied Maggie, "and I wisht I knew as little about the subject as he does."—*Ex*.

Lady (to trusty)—"Are you sure you have time to show me through the penitentiary?"

Trusty: "Yes, madame, I have ninety-nine years."—*Punch Bowl*.

Motorist—"I'm sorry I ran over your hen. Would a dollar make it right?"

Farmer—"Wal, better make it two. I have a rooster that was mighty fond of that hen and the shock might kill him too."—*Selected*.

Bus Conductor—"One seat on top, ma'am, and one inside."

Lady—"You surely wouldn't separate a mother from her daughter."

Conductor—"Never again, lady. I did it once and I have regretted it ever since!"—*London Humorist*.

BUGHOUSE POETRY

Once there was a little lawyer man,
Who smiled gently as he began
Her poor dead husband's will to scan.
And thinking of his coming fee,
He smiled and said quite tenderly,
"You have a nice fat leg-a-cy."
And the next day as he lay in bed
With plasters on his broken head.
He wondered what in h—— he'd said.

Her pretty pink knees were unsocked
As into the garden she walked,
The spuds in surprise
Shook the dirt from their eyes
And even the sweet corn was shocked!

Dreibelbis—"What I say goes."
Shoemaker—"All right then, come out
in back after 4 o'clock and say 'Ford.'"

Her Father—"My boy, I am willing
that you should marry my daughter, but
have you spoken to her mother about
it?"

Suitor—"No, sir."
Her Father—"Well, then to make it a
sure thing I will oppose the match."
—*Selected*.

Young Husband—"Dear, I fear there
is something wrong with this cake. It
doesn't taste right."

Bride—"It must be your imagination.
The cook book says it's delicious."
—*Selected*.

"I'm very careful, I always send my
children out of the house before I quarrel
with my husband."

"The little dears, they look so healthy
from spending their time in the open."
—*Szezutek*.

Teacher—"How was iron discovered?"
Boy—"I heard pa say they smelt it."
—*Beacon*.

DID YOU EVER?

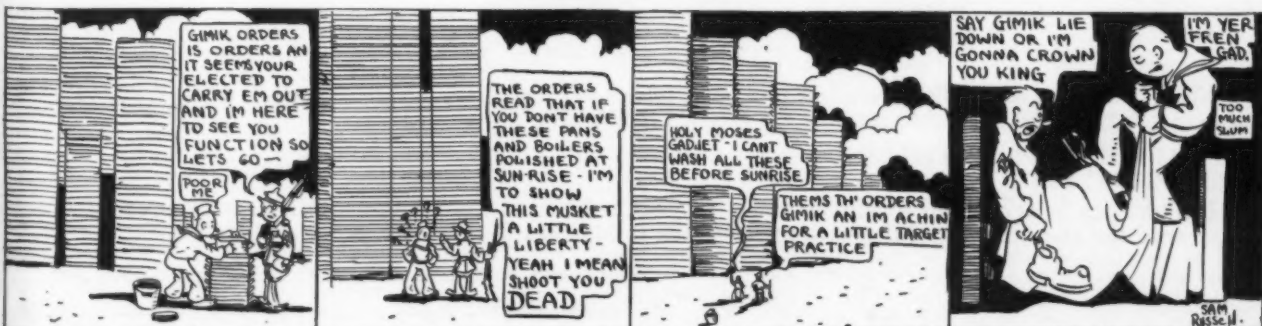
Did you ever pick up a magazine or newspaper and upon a perusal of the many and varied advertisements, wonder at the wonderful bargains offered to us "absolutely free?"


For instance, for two dollars you can get an "Invisible Nasal Expander," which is guaranteed to stop snoring; or thirty-five cents will bring you "long and curling eyelashes;" and for ten cents, a painless method of straightening bow legs.

Small amounts of money, far less than one dollar, also have excellent purchasing powers in the lines of art, music, luck, love and life: One ad suggests that you become an artist because, "Studio life takes you blithely out of the rut; it is a life of gaiety, love and laughter!" while another ad informs you that for a two-cent stamp you may obtain a book to "astonish" your friends by learning to play the best music on the Ukelele, Banjo, Mandolin or Guitar in ten minutes. Ten cents brings a "Ventrilo," giving to its proud owner the power to "imitate birds, animals, etc." Twenty cents, initial payment, procures success in love, business and games through "Luck Powder." This powerful potion should be especially interesting to our friends who spend the first two nights after payday worshipping the goddess of luck, but the ad of greatest universal importance is the one offering a preparation for one dollar, or two packages for one dollar and eighty-five cents whereby anyone and everyone may obtain, "New Pep in Twenty Minutes."

Old Timer growls: "Some of these birds who are so quick to find the right word in a cross-word puzzle, are stone blind when they look for their names on a guard detail."

GIMIK AND GADJET

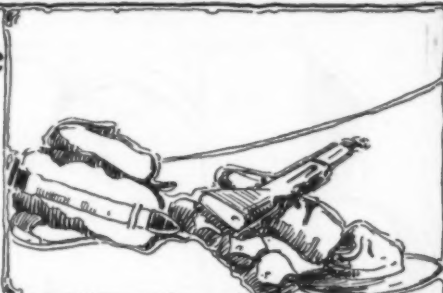




WEEKLY REPORT
Marine Corps Institute

January 3, 1925

Total number individuals enrolled..	7,609
Total number individuals enrolled since last report.....	157
Total number individuals disenrolled since last report.....	45
Number of examination papers received during week.....	847
Number of examination papers received during the year.....	301
Total number of graduates to date..	1,720



A.M.

IMPORTANT ADVICE TO STUDENTS AND PROSPECTIVE STUDENTS

Before enrolling in a course consult your immediate Commanding Officer, or the Educational Officer, or the First Sergeant; ask to see a copy of a small book called "Looking Ahead," THEN select your course wisely, being sure that it is the one you really want. If, after this, you find that you have made a mistake, write to the Marine Corps Institute and ask to have your course changed; to simply drop out is a waste of your time and ours, and of the Government's money. Do your best to send in a lesson paper every month. Last, but not least, write to the Institute personally and ask any questions you want to about your studies. You will always get a prompt and a polite answer.

MY ADVICE TO STUDENTS

I am often asked what I consider the most important course taught by the M. C. I. There is no real answer to the question because it depends on two things: First, what does a man like and want to learn about; and, second, how much does he already know? What is most important to one class of men is of no importance to another. Education is like a house; it cannot be any stronger than its foundation. Now, I have watched a good many thousand lesson papers go through here, and I have seen a good many hundreds of names disenrolled for inactivity, and "there is a reason," and I know what it is in the great majority of cases. Most students try to build a house on a weak foundation, and the foundation "won't stand for it."

I have inside information about all this and know what I am talking about, and this is my advice to all who are thinking about taking up a course, or about changing the one they already have: Take one of the three FOUNDATION COURSES. These are:

GOOD ENGLISH, which teaches handwriting, the use of a dictionary, business terms, spelling, grammar, letter writing and things of this sort.

COMMON BRANCHES, which teaches arithmetic, spelling, geography, United States history, typewriting, civil government, bookkeeping, penmanship, grammar and such things.

HIGH-SCHOOL BRANCHES, which goes farther than either of the others, and takes in composition and rhetoric, literature, general history, physical geography, physics, economics, algebra, plain and solid geometry, trigonometry and kindred subjects.

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As the result of my experience as Director of the Institute I seriously advise the consideration of these three courses, and I invite any who are interested to write personally to the Institute for full information.

J. C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Colonel, U. S. Marine Corps,
Director.

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But most often of all it is a patient, devoted wife who keeps the priceless spark of ambition burning within you, and for whom you resolve that that dream of a better position and a larger salary must some day come true.

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"I am not saying that that time is entirely passed. But this I am saying to you, that if I were a young man or a young woman going out into the world today, I should not dare to go unless I had made myself absolute master of the thing I wanted to do."

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☐ Structural Engineer
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Lieut. Col. J. J. Meade.
Maj. D. L. S. Brewster.
Capt. L. B. Reagan.
First Lieut. F. S. Chappelle.

Officers last to make number in
the grades indicated:

Col. H. R. Lay.
Lieut. Col. R. B. Creecy.
Maj. J. R. Gray.
Capt. R. H. Pepper.
First Lieut. J. G. Clausing.

RECENT ORDERS

December 31, 1924

No orders announced.

January 2, 1925

Maj. Fred S. N. Erskine, detailed as
Assistant Paymaster, revoked. De-
tached office of the Assistant Pay-
master, Atlanta, Ga., to M. B., N.
Yd., New York, N. Y.

Capt. Frank D. Strong, detached
Recruiting District of Charlotte,
Charlotte, N. C., to M. B., Quantico,
Va.

Capt. Willett Elmore, detached M. B.,
Parris Island, S. C., to Recruiting
District of Charlotte, Charlotte,
N. C.

Mar. Gnr. Charles F. Finger, dis-
missed.

Quartermaster Clerk Joseph C. Bro-
chek, appointed a Quartermaster
Clerk, and assigned to duty at the
M. B., N. Yd., Mare Island, Calif.

January 3, 1925

No orders announced.

January 5, 1925

Quartermaster Clerk David C. Bus-
call, detached M. B., Quantico, Va.,
to Headquarters Marine Corps,
Washington, D. C.

REENLISTMENTS

Prentice, William, at San Francisco,
12-12-24, for M. B., Mare Island.

Pince, William, at Quantico, 12-17-24,
for M. B., Quantico.

Simmons, Callis C., at Charlotte, 12-
16-24, for Recruiting Duty, Charlotte,
S. C.

Conwill, Arthur L., at Parris Island,
12-15-24, for M. B., Parris Island.

Smith, Delamar B., at Parris Island,

12-16-24, for M. B., Parris Island.

Apgar, Frank LeRoy, at New York,
12-19-24, for M. B., Philadelphia.

Uhlinger, Percy H., at Buffalo, 12-19-
24, for M. B., Quantico.

Conley, William B., at Cleveland, 12-
17-24, for M. B., Hampton Roads, Va.

Murdock, John G., at New York, 12-
19-24, for M. B., Hampton Roads, Va.

Foster, Frank J., Buffalo, 12-4-24, for
M. B., Portsmouth, Va.

Heinrich, Rudolph A., Washington, D.
C., 12-3-24, for M. B., N. Yd., Wash-
ington, D. C.

Holt, Lucian S., Greensboro, 12-3-24,
for M. B., Philadelphia.

Carey, Ernest, Detroit, 12-2-24, for
West Coast.

Sheridan, George S., Kansas City,
12-3-24, for M. B., San Diego.

Campbell, Robert L., Houston, 12-1-24,
for M. B., Quantico.

Embrey, Lloyd L., Seattle, 12-16-24,
for M. B., N. Yd., Mare Island.

Grant, Joseph S., San Francisco, 12-
22-24, for M. B., San Diego.

Lindemann, Otto, Denver, 12-19-24,
for M. B., Mare Island.

Pulver, William F., Seattle, 12-19-24,
for M. B., N. Yd., Puget Sound.

Kemp, Robert L., Washington, 12-23-
24, for M. B., Parris Island.

Hailey, Theodore L., Kansas City, 12-
23-24, for M. B., San Diego.

Cantrell, Earl M., Denver, 12-20-24,
for M. B., N. Yd., Mare Island.

Terpilowski, Anthony, Peking, China, 11-
13-24, for Marine Detachment, Ameri-
can Legation, Peking, China.

Boucher, Joseph R., Springfield, Mass.,
12-17-24, for M. B., N. A. D., Hingham,
Mass.

Goodrich, Wilfred A., Springfield,
Mass., 12-17-24, for M. B., N. A. D.,
Hingham, Mass.

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Cushman, Fay A., Boston, 12-14-24, for M. B., Parris Island.
 Schmidt, Edward C., Washington, D. C., 12-23-24, for M. B., N. Yd., Washington, D. C.
 Pence, James C., Indianapolis, 12-19-24, for M. B., N. S., New Orleans.
 Van Wormer, Rollin V., Chicago, 12-13-24, for M. B., Quantico, Va.
 Vastine, Vallen W., Chicago, 12-15-24, for M. D., U. S. N. H., Great Lakes.
 Wilson, Verner A., Chicago, 12-15-24, for M. B., Quantico, Va.
 Johnson, Charlie M., Akron, 12-24-24, for M. B., Philadelphia.

Stock, Robert R., Akron, 12-22-24, for M. B., Quantico, Va.
 Wade, Cecil O., Philadelphia, 12-23-24.
 Walsh, Vern C., Richmond, 12-22-24, for M. B., N. Yd., Charleston.
 Townley, Clarence C., Philadelphia, 12-24-24, for Depot, Philadelphia.
 Patterson, Sidney O., St. Louis, 12-22-24, for M. B., San Diego.
 Pace, Thomas J. J., Atlanta, 12-23-24, for M. B., Pensacola, Fla.
 Ayres, Gregory, San Francisco, 12-19-24, for M. B., San Diego.
 Duggins, Hubert, Seattle, 12-16-24, for M. B., N. Yd., Mare Island.
 Elliott, George W., Seattle, 12-16-24, for M. B., N. Yd., Puget Sound.
 McClone, John G., San Francisco, 12-18-24, for M. B., San Diego.

PROMOTIONS

Smith, John Francis, Parris Island, S. C., Sergeant to Quartermaster Sergeant.
 Tolusciak, Peter Patrick, Quantico, Va., Sergeant to First Sergeant.
 Kenyon, William Jacob, Quantico, Va., Sergeant to Gunnery Sergeant.
 Burke, William John, Quantico, Va., Sergeant to Staff Sergeant.
 Hamer, Clarence John, Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa., Staff Sergeant to Quartermaster Sergeant.
 Bennett, Leslie Robins, Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa., Sergeant to Staff Sergeant.

TRANSFERS

Sgt. Maj. Arthur J. Lang, Aviation, Haiti, to Aviation, Quantico, Va.
 Qm. Sgt. Crusoe Nelson, Mare Island, Calif., to San Diego, Calif.
 Gy-Sgt. Henry C. Meacham, Aviation, Haiti, to Quantico, Va.
 1st Sgt. Clyde H. Jenkins, Haiti to Quantico, Va.
 Q. M. Sgt. James M. Fountain, Haiti, to Norfolk, Va.
 Gy-Sgt. Ollie V. Cooper, Washington, D. C., to Quantico, Va.
 Q. M. Sgt. Ernest P. Miller, Pay Department Headquarters, Washington, D. C., to Depot of Supplies, Hampton Roads, Va.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

(Continued from page 7)

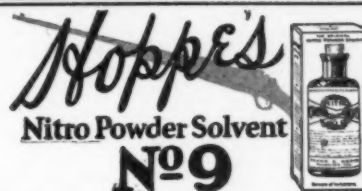
gone by. Today there are many men who feel that life in the service on the Island is an ideal one. There are some really beautiful spots on the Island too, with nature at its best. Post photographer Emerson, an old time Marine, showed me several most lovely prints of photos he had recently taken. They faithfully portrayed a few samples of the magnificent scenery to be found in and around this little Island off the Coast of South Carolina.

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The Dogs of War have been unleashed out here, and we are having a great time trying to keep up with the shifting fortunes of the various Generals, Tuchuns, War Lords and others of their ilk who are trying to see who will be champion of China.

This struggle for the Number One job in China has put the clamps on our football season. Just as we were all prepared to go to Tientsin to lick the Army again in the same place that we licked them last year, we woke up one fine morning to find the old city of Peking full of soldiers who were singing, "Hail! the Conquering Angels Come." All the streets were barricaded and the gates were closed. We tried to get out of the city to go to Tientsin for the games, but his honor, General Feng Yu Hsiang, the so-called Christian General, would not open the said gates, even though the football championship of China depended upon their being opened. All our arguments could not convince him that our football games were much more important than his friendly little war with the other ambitious contestants.

The Marine team here this year was stronger than the one that licked the Army last year. Their rushing and passing game was very strong. The team averaged about 180 pounds and numbered some good players, among whom were Spielhaupter, Ceyter, Peterson, Pearceor Neilsen, as guards, Holbrook and Wilhelm, tackles, Batt and Goldmeyer at end positions, and Kerns, Rae, Weber and Quinn in the backfield. These are the players who would have entered the fray with the Army.

During the last few weeks the guard has been strengthened by the addition of two companies of Marines, one from Guam commanded by Capt. Snow and Lieut. Armistead, the other from Cavite and commanded by Capt. Rice. Our barracks are jammed full and a paper bungalow has been constructed on the veranda of the new barracks to take care of the overflow.

In the International Track and Field Meet, which is held here each Armistice Day, we were easily the winners. The Marine Guard piled up a score of 66 points to the Britishers' 30, to the Italians' 5, to the Japanese 0. It was a great sight to see the American Flag hauled to the top of the flagpole when Capt. Miller, of the Royal Lancashire Regiment, presented the Marine Guard with the Huge Loving Cup. For the first time since the inauguration of the International Meets, the Marine team was able to win the tug of war event.

The Marine Band here had a rather unique experience and opportunity during the last month or two when they were invited to play before the Boy Emperor of China, who up to the *coup d'etat* of Feng Yu Hsiang had been locked up in the Forbidden City. The Emperor liked the music so well the first time they played that he invited the band out several times afterwards. However, the Boy Emperor is now no longer an emperor. The Feng Yu Hsiang regime very unceremoniously threw him out of the Palace and the Forbidden City and made him a citizen at large in China.

This month sees the departure of Lieut. Walter E. Bilisoly and Carl Gardner. Since coming to Peking, Lieut. Gardner has been coach of the athletic teams and has turned out several championship teams. Many of the old timers here are getting out on the November sailing of the U. S. S. *Thomas*. Sgt. Divine, the Director General and Tuchun of the Compound Coolies, makes his farewell bow when the *Thomas* lifts anchor—or rather he has already made it at the "Moskee Club." Sgt. Patterson will be on the boat too, and to furnish innocent amusement for the passengers, Pvt. Sorolowitz will be taken along.

"What would you do if you got a letter from the K. K. K.?"
"Read it on the train!"

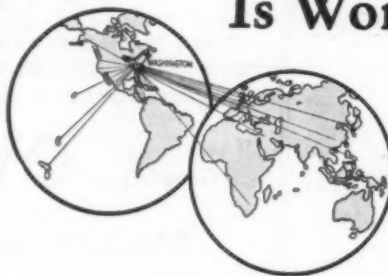
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